

THE Secrets of Angling

TEACHING,

The choisest Tooles, Baytes and Seasons, for the taking
Fish, in Pond or River: practised and familiarly ope
in three Bookes. By I. D. Esquire.

Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Latson



Printed at London, for John Jackson, and are to be sold
his Shop in the Strand, at the signe of the Peacock.



In due Praise of his Praise- worthy Skill and Worke.

IN Skils that all doe seeke, but few doe find
Both gaine and game; (like Sun & Moone do)
Then th' art of fishing thus, is of that kind; (shir
The Angler taketh both with Hooke and Line,
And as with Lines, both these he takes; this tak
With many a Line, wel made both Eares & Ha
And, by this skill, the skill-lessle skill-full makes
The Corpse whereof disseeted so he parts,
Upon an humble Subject never lay,
More proud, yet plainer Lines, the plaine to lead
This plainer Art with pleasure to survay,
To purchase it with profit, by that D E E D :
Who thinke this skill's too low than for the hight
This Angler read, and they'll be taine thereby.

Io. D A V E

To the worthy, and my re-
spected Friend,

MR. JOHN HARBORNE,
of Tackly, in the County of Oxford,
ESQVIRE.

WORTHY SIR,

His Poeme being sent unto me to bee
printed after the Death of the Au-
thor, who intended to have done it in
his life, but was prevented by death: I could
not among my good friends, bethinke me of
any one to whom I might more fitly Dedicate
it (as well for the nature of the subiect, in
which you delight as to expresse my love) than
to your selfe, I find it not onelyavouring of
Art and honesty, two things now strangers un-
to many Authours, but also both pleasant and
profitable; and being leath to see a thing of
such value lie hidden in obsuritie, whilst
matters of no moment pester the Stals of eve-

The Epistle.

ry Stationer; I therefore make bould to publish it, for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the Authour, nor dislike them. I need not, thinke, Appologize either the use of the subject, or for that it is reduced into the nature of a Poeme for as touching the last (in that it is in verse) some count it by so much the more delightfull; and I hold it every way as fit a subiect for Poetry as Husbandry: and touching the first, if Hunting and Hawking have beeene thought worthy delights, and Arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but this Art of Angling is much more worthy practise and approbation, for it is a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargable, more profitable, and nothing so much subiect to choller or impatience as those are: you shall finde it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed, then any of this kind heretofore. Therefore I referre you to the perusing thereof, and my selfe to your good opinion, which I tender as that I hold most deare; ever remaining at

your gentle Command. R. I.



To the Reader.

IT may seem in me presumption to ad
this little Marginall Comment to the
Worke of so worthy an Author. But
Mr. Jackson, the Printers request and ver-
tuous desire, to give his Country satisfa-
ction, must be satisfied, and in it my selfe
rest excused. What mine observations are
I refer to censur, assuredly, the truth stands
on so well grounded experience, that but
my haste, nothing can doe them injury.
What to me is doubtfull, I have as I can
explained; what wants, in my judgement, I
have supplied as the time would suffer:
what I passe by I approv. The Author by
verse hath expressed much learning & by
his answer to the objection, shews himself
to have been vertuous. The subje^t it selfe
is honest, & pleasant, & sometimes profit-
able. Vse it and give God all glory. Amen.

A 4 W. Lanson.

The Contents.

The first Booke containeth these heads.

- 1 **T**He antiquity of Angling, with the art of fishing, and of Fishing in generall.
- 2 **L**The lawfulnessse, pleasure, and profit thereof, with all Objections, answered against it.
- 3 To know the season, and times to provide the tools, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke containeth

- 1 **T**He Anglers experience, how to use his tools and Bayts, to make profit by his game.
- 2 What fish is not taken with angle, and what is: and what is best for health.
- 3 In what waters and rivers to finde each fish.

The third book containeth

- 1 **T**He 12. vertues and qualities which ought to be in every Angler.
- 2 What weather seasons, and time of the year is best and worst, and what hours of the day is best for sport.
- 3 To know each fishes haunt, and the times to take them.
Also an obscure secret, of an approved baite, tending thereto.

The



THE SECRETS of Angling.

The first Book.



If Angling, and the art thereof I
What kinde of tooles (sing,
It doth behov to have; (may bring
And with what pleasing bait a má
The fish to bite within the warry
A work of thanks to such as in a thing (wave
Of harmelesse pleasure have regard to save
Their dearest soules from sin and may intend
Of precious time, some part thereon to spend.

You Nymphs that in the springs and waters sweet
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale,
And oft amidst the meadows greene doe meet,
To sport and play, and heare the Nightingale;
And in the Rivers fresh do wash your feete,
While Progne's syster tells her wofull tale:
Such aide and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little work to end.

And

The first Booke

L. And thou sweet * Boyd that with thy watry fway
Doſt wash the clifſes of Deington and of Week;
And through their Rocks with crooked windin
Thy mother Anon runnest loſt to ſeeke: (way
In whose faire ſtreames the ſpeckled Trout doſt
The Roch, the Dace, the Gudgeon, & the Bleik. (play
Teach me the ſkill with ſlender line and hooſe
To take each fish of River, Pond, and Brooke.

The time for providing Angle Rods.

Firſt, when the Sun beginneth to decline
Southward his course, with his faire Chariot
And paſſed hath heaven the midle Line, (bright
That makes of equall length both day and nigh
And leſt behind his back the dreadfull ſigne,
Oſeruel Centaure, ſlaine in drunken fight, (ſong
When beaſts doe mourn, and birds forſake the
And every creature thinks the night too long

And bluſtring Boreas with his chilling cold,
Unclothed hath the trees of Sommers green;
And woods, and groves, are naked to behold,
Of leaves and branches now diſpoiled cleane:
So that their fruitfull ſtocks they do unfold,
And lay abroad their off ſpring to be ſeen;
Where nature ſhews her great increase of kind
To ſuch as ſeek her tender ſhutes to finde.

Th

of the secrets of Angling.

Then goe in some great *Arcadian* wood,
Where store of ancient *Hazells* doe abound
And seeke among their springs and tender brood,
Such sheutes as are the straightest, long & round:
And of them all (store up what you think good)
But fairest choose, the smoothest, and most sound;
So that they doe not two yeares growth exceed,
In shape and beautie like the *Belgicke* Reed.

These prune and cleane of every leafe and spray,
Yet leave the tender top remaining still?
Then home with thee goe beare them safe away,
But perish not the rind and utter pill; (*)
And on some even boarded floore them lay, (I)
Where they may drie and season at their fill:
And place upon their crooked parts some waight
To presse them downe, & keepe them plaine and
straight.

(*) Beath them a little, except the top, all in a Furnace, they will be lighter, and not top-heavie : which is a great fault in a rod.

(1) Tie them together at every bought, and they will one keepe another straight.

So shalt thou have always in store the best,
And fittest rods to serve thy turne aright ;
For not the brittle *Cane*, nor all the rest,
I like so well, though it be long and light,

Since

The first Bonke.

Since that the fish are frightened with the least
Aspect of any glittering thing, or white : (2)

Nor doth it by one halfe so well incline,

As doth the pliant rod to save the line. (3)

(2) White or gray are likest the skye, and therfore of
all other colours offend the least.

(3) Besides the fish discernes it, and are put away
with the stiffeesse of the rod: whereas on the contrary,
the weak rod yeelds liberty to the fish, without
suspition, to run away with the bait at his pleasure.

To make the Line.

Then get good haire, so that it be not blacke,
Neither of Mare nor Gelding let it be:
Nor of the tyreling jade that bares the pack:
But of some lustie Horse or courser tree,
Whose bushie taile upon the ground doth track,
Like blazing Comet that sometimes we see:

From out the midst thereof the longest take,
At leasure best your links and lines to make.

Then twist them finely, as you thinke most meet,
By skill or practise easie to be found;
As doth Aradne with her slender feete. (4)
Draw forth her little thread along the ground;
But not so hard or slack, the meane is sweet,

Least

of the secrets of Angling.

Least slacke they snarle , or hard they prove un-
And intermixt with silver, silke, or gold (sound
The tender hayres, the better so to hold. (5)

(4) Knit the hayres you meane to put in one linkē, at
the rods end, and devide them as equally as you can,
put your three lowest fingers betwixt , and twine the
knot and your linkē shall be equally twist, if you wet
your haire, it will twine better . A nimble hand, a
weake and light rod, that may be easily guided with
one hand need but four or five haires at the most, for
the greatest River Fish, though a Salmon or Luce, so
you have length enough , and except the Luce and
Salmon, three will suffice.

(5) Intermixing much silver or gold, is not good ; be-
cause, First the thred & haire are not of equall reach.

Secondly, the colours differing from the haires, or
flic, affrightes the Fishe.

Thirdly, they will not bed & twist with the haires.

Then end to end as falleth to their lot,
Let all your Linkes in order as they lie,
Be knit together, with that fishers knot,
That will not slip, or with the wet uncie :
And at the lowest end, forget it not,
To leave a Bout or compasse like an eyc,
The Linkē that holds your hooke to hang upon,
When you thinke good to take it off and on.
(6) An upper end also, to put it too and fress the rod.

Which

The first Booke

Which Linke must neither be so great nor strong,
Nor like of colour as the others were ; (7)
Scant halfe so big, so that it be as long :
Of grayest Hue, and of the soundest Hayre,
Least while it hangs the liquid waves among,
The sight thereof the warie Fish should feare.
And at one end a Loope or Compasse fine,
To fasten to the other of your Line.

(7) The same colour : (to wit graie like the skie) the
like bignes and strength, is good for all the line, and
every linke thereof, weight is hurtfull, so unequall
strength canseth the weakest to breake.

Corke.

Then take good Corke so much as shall suffice
For every Line to make his swimmer fit; (8)
And where the midst . and thickest parts doe rise,
There burne a round small hole quite thorow it :
And put therein a Quill of equall size ;
But take good heed the Corke you doe not slit :
Then round or square with Rasor pare it neare,
Piramid-wise, or like a slender Peare.

(8) I utterly dislike your Southern Corks. First, for
they affright the fish, in the bite and sight, and because
they follow not so kindly, the nimble rod and hand,
Secondly, they breed weight to the line, which puts it

OF THE SECRETES OF ANGLYNG.

in danger, and hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and
loads the arme,

A good eye and hand may easily discerne the bite.

The smaller end doth serve to sink more light,
Into the water with the plummets sway;
The greater swims aloft and stands upright,
To keepe the line and bait at even stay,
That when the fish begins to nib and bite,
The moving of the float doth them bewray:

There may you place upon your lines at will,
And stop them with a white & handsome Quill.

Hooks.

Then buy your hooks the finest and the best
That may be had of such as use to sell, (9)
And from the greatest to the very least
Of every sort pick out and chuse them well,
Such as in shape and making passe the rest,
And do for strength and soundnes most excell:

Then in a little boxe of dryest wood
From rust and canker keep them faire and good.

(9) I use to make mine owne hooks, so shall I have
them of the best Spanish and Millan needles of what
size bent or sharpnesse, and I like as I need. So sen
your needles in an hot fire in a Chafer.

The

The JUNIOR BOOK

The instruments. First an hold-fast.
Secondly, an Hammer to flat the place for the beard.
Thirdly, a File to make the beard, and sharpen the
point.
Fourthly, A bender: viz. A Pin bended, put in the end
of a stick, an handful long, thus.

When they are made lay them in the end of a wire,
and heat them againe, and temper them in oyle or
Butter. And if you will have them to graue in gold
lay them in oyle and heat them againe, and then
they will be fit to graue.

That Hooke I love that is incomparst round
Like to the print that *Pegasus* did make,
With horned hoofe upon *Thessalian* ground;
From whence forthwith *Pernassus* spring oat brak
That doth in pleasant waters so abound:
And of the *Musæ* oft the thirst doth slake,

Who on his fruitfull bankes doe sit and sing,
That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring.

(10) The best forme fer ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a strait and somewhat long shank and strait nib'd, with a little compasse not round in any wise — fur it neither strikes furly nor readily but is weak as haning to great a compas, some use to batter tb' upper end thus — to hold the faster: but good & thred or silke. — good band may make it fast enough

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ough, it is bot cherly, bindes the biting & sometime
cuts the line.

Or as Thaumantis, wh^en she list to shroud
Her selfe against the parching Sunny ray,
Vnder the mantle of some stormy cloud,
Where she her sundry colours doth display
Like Juno's Bird, of her faire garments proud,
That Phœbus gave her on her mariage day:
She wyes forth her goodly Circle faire and wide,
To mortall wights that wonder at her pride.

His Shank should neither be to short nor long, (ii)
His point not over sharpe, nor yet too dull:
The substance good that may indure from wrong,
His needle slender, yet both round and full,
Made of the right Iberian mettall strong,
That will not stretch, nor breake at every pull,
Wrought smooth and cleane withouten crack or
And bearded like the wilde Arabian goat. (knot

(ii) He meaneas the hooke may be too weak at the
point, it cannot be too sharp if the metall be good steele.

Then let your Hooke be sure and strongly plaste
Vnto your lowest Linke with Silke or Haire,
Which you may doe with often overcast,
So that you draw the Bowes together neare,

B

And

The third Booke

And with both ends make all the other fast,
That no bare place or rising knot appeare;
Then on that Linke hang Leads of even waight
To raise your floate, and carry down your baite.

Thus have you *Rod, Line, Float and Hooke;*
The Rod to strike, when you shall thinke it fit,
The Line to leade the Fish with wary skill,
The Float and Quill to warne you of the hit;
The Hooke to hold him by the chap or gill,
Hooke, Line, and Rod, all guided to your wit.

Yet there remaines of Fishing tooles to tell,
Some other sorts that you must have as well.

(12) *Other fishing tooles.*

A Little Boord, the lightest you can find, (12)
But not so thin that it will breake or bend,
Of Cypres sweet, or of some other kinde,
That like a Trencher shall it selfe extend:
Made smooth & plaine, your lines theron to wind
With Battlements at every other end:

Like to the Bulwarke of some antient Towne,
As well-wall'd Sylchester now razed downe.

(12) Or winde them on two or three of your fingers,
like an Orph-Arions string.

A Shooe

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A shooe to beare the crawling wormes therein,
With hole above to hang it by your side, (13)

A hollow Cane that must be light and thin,
Wherein the Bobbe and Palmer shall abide,
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,
Lest out againe your baites doe hap to slide.

A little box that covered close shall lye,
To keepe therein the busie winged flye.

(13) Worme poake of cloath, or boxes.

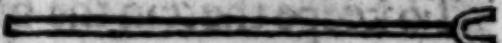
Then must you have a plummet, formed round,
Like to the pellet of a birding bow : (14)
Wherewith you may the secret st waters sound,
And set your float thereafter, high or low,
Till you the depth thereof have truly found,
And on the same a twisted thread bestow,
At your owne will, to hang it on your hooke,
And so to let it downe into the brooke.

(14) A Plummert you need not, for your line being wel leaded & without a float, will try your depths.
When the lead above your hooke comes to the earth,
the Line will leave sinking.

Of Lead likewise yet must you have a Ring,
Whose whole diameter in length containes (15)
Three inches full, and fastned to a string
That must be long and sure, if need constraines:

The first Booke

Through whose round hole you shall your Angle
And let it fall into the watry plaine: (bring
Vntill he come the weeds and stickes unto,
From whence your hooke it serveth to undo.

(15) That's good, but a forked rod about two yard
long is better, when your hook is fastned in the water
take a rod thus fashioned 
and put the line in the fork and so follow down to your
hook, and so letting your line be somewhat slacke
move your forke to and fro, especially downwards, and
so shall your hooke be loose.

Have tools good store to serve your turn withall,
Lest that you happen some to lose or breake;
As in great waters oft it doth befall,
When that the hook is nought, or line too weake,
And waxed thread, or filke, so it be small,
To set them on, that if you list to wreake
Your former losse, you may supply the place,
And not returne with sorrow and disgrace.

Have twist likewise, so that it be not white, (16)
Your rod to mend, or broken top to tye;
For all white colours doe the Fishes fright,
And make them from the bait away to flye;
A file to mend your hooks, both small and light,
A good sharp knife your girdle hanging by,

A Pouch

of the secrets of Angling.

A Pouch with many parts and purses thin,
To carry all your Tooles and Trinkets in.

(16) White and gray is good, answering the colours
of the Skie.

Yet must you have a little Rip beside,
Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish ;
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide
As may containe good store of sundry fish :
And yet with ease be hanged by your side,
To bring them home the better to your dish.

A little Net that on a Pole shall stand,
The mighty Pyke or heavie Carpe to land.

His severall Tooles, and what garment is fittest.

And let your garments russet be, or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to descry ;
That with the raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearfull fishes eye :
For neither Scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt in fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silkes of purple, Paule, or gold,
Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.

In this aray the Angler good shall goe
Vnto the brooke to finde his wished game;

The third Booke

Like old *Menalcus* wandring to and fro,
Vntill he chance to light upon the same,
And there his art and cunning shall bestow,
For every fish his bait so well to frame,
That long ere *Phæbus* set in Westerne fome,
He shall returne well loaden to his home.

Objection.

Some youthfull Gallant here perhaps will say,
This is no pastime for a Gentleman,
It were more fit at Cards and Dice to play,
To use both fence and dancing now and than,
Or walke the streets in nice and strangle aray,
Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan,
A poore delight with toyle and painfull watch
With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What pleasure can it be to walke about
The fields and meades in heat or pinching cold?
And stand all day to catch a silly *Trott*,
That is not worth a teaster to be sold,
And peradventure sometimes goe without:
Besides the toiles and troubles manifold
And to be washt with many a shoure of raine,
Before he can returne from thence againe?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,
In some sweet house to passe the time away,
Amongst

of the secrets of Angling.

Amongst the best, with brave and gallant show,
And with faire dames to daunce, to sport & play,
And on the board the nimble dice to throw,
That brings in gaine, and helps the shot to pay,
And with good wine and store of dainty fare,
To feede at will and take but little care,

A worthy Answere.

I Meane not here mens errors to reprove,
Nor doe envie their seeming happy state;
But rather marve ll why they do not love
An honest sport that is without debate;
Since their abused pastimes often move
Their mindes to anger and to mortall hate:
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeede it is a life of lesser paine,
To sit at play from noone till it be night:
And then from night till it be noone againe,
With damned oathes pronounced in despight,
For little cause and every trifle vaine,
To curse, to brawle, to quarell, and to fight,
To pack the Cards, and with some cozning trick
His fellowes purse of all his coine to picke.

Or to beguile another of his Wife,
As did *Eghistus Agamemnon* serve:

The first Booke

Or as that Roman* Monarch led a life *Nero
To spoile and spend, while others pine and sterue,
And to compell their friends with foolish strife,
To take more drinke then will their health pre-
- And to conclude for debt or just desart, (serve
In sei tune to sing the Counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke
Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling place;
Where I may see my Quill & Corke downe sink,
With eager bit of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace:
And on the world and his creatour think,
While they proud Thais painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong Tobaceo's smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feede their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadowes greene may view,
And by the Rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the Dazies and the Violets blew:
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffadill,
Purple Narcissus, like the morning rayes,
Pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skie,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The flaming Chariot of the worlds great eye;
The watry cloudes that in the aire imbold
With sundry kindes of painted colours flye;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.

The hils and Mountaines raised from the Plaines,
The plaines extended levell with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vaines,
The vaines enclos'd with running ryvers round,
The rivers making way through natures chaine,
With headlong course into the sea profound:

The surging Sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh & green,
In whose cool brow's the birds with chanting long
Do welcom with their quire the Summers queen,
The meadowes faire where Flora's gifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme,
Within the brookes and Christall watry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,
That made the heavens the Angler oft doth see
And takes therein no little delectation,
To think how strange and wonderfull they be,
Framing

The thirde Booke

Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free,
And whiles he lookes on these with joyfull eie,
His minde is rapt above the starry skye.

The Author of Angling, Poeticall fictions,

BVt how this art of angling did begin,
And who the use thereof and praetise found,
How many times and ages since have bin,
Wherein the Sun hath dayly compast round
The circle that the signes twice sixe are in:
And yeelded yearly comfort to the ground,
It were too hard for me to bring about,
Since Ovid wrote not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing Readers eare,
I will not spare the sad report to tell,
When good Denkalion and his Pyrrha deare,
Were onely left upon the earth to dwell,
Of all the rest that overwhelmed were
With that great Floud which in their daies befell,
Wherein the compasse of the world so round
Both man&beast with waters deep were dround

Betweene themselves they wept and made great
How to repaire againe the wofull fall (moane
Of all mankinde,whereof they two alone
The remnant were, and wretched portion small,

But

of the secrets of Angling.

But any meanes or hope in them was none,
That might restore so great a losse withall,
Since they were aged, and in yeares so run,
That now almost their thread of life was spun.

Vntill at last they saw whereas they stood
An ancient Temple, wasted and forlorne ;
Whose holy fires, and sundry offerings good,
The late outragious waves away had borne :
But when at length downe falne was the floud,
The waters low it proudly gan to scorne.

Vnto that place they thought it best to goe,
The counsell of the goddesse there to know.

For long before that fearfull Deluge great,
The universall Earth had overflowne,
A heavenly power there placed had her seat,
And answers gave of hidden things unknowne :
Thither they went her favour to entreat, (blown,
Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was
By her advice some way or meane to finde,
How to renew the race of humane kinde.

Prostrate they fell upon the sacred ground,
Kissing the stones, and shedding many a teare,
And lowly bent their aged bodies downe
Vnto the earth, with sad and heavie cheare,
Praying the Saint with soft and dolefull sound,

That

The first Booke

That she vouchsafe their humble suit to heare.

The goddesse heard, and bade them go and take
Their mothers bones, and throw behinde their
(back.)

This Oracle obscure and darke of sense,
Amazed much their minds with fear and doubt,
What kinde of meaning might bee drawne from
And how to understand and find it out, (thence;
How with so great a sin they might dispence,
Their parents bones to cast and throw about :

Thus when they had long time in study spent,
Out of the Church with carefull thought they
(went.)

And now beholding better every place,
Each Hill and Dale, each River, Rock, and Tree,
And musing thereupon a little space, (be,
They thought the Earth their mother well might
And that the stones that lay before their face,
To be her bones did nothing her disgrace :
Wherefore to prove if it were false or true,
The scattered stones behinde their backes they

Forthwith the stones, a wondrous thing to heare,
Began to move, as they had life conceiv'd,
And waxed greater then at first they were ;
And more and more the shape of man receiv'd,
Till every part most plainly did appeare,
That neither eye nor sense could be deceiv'd.

They

of the secrets of Angling.

They heard, they spake they went & walked too
As other living men are wont to doe.

Thus was the earth replenished anew,
With people strange springing up with little paine,
Of whose increase the progeny that grew,
Did soone supply the empty world agairie ;
But now a greater care there did insue,
How such a mighty number to maintaine,
Since food there was not any to be found,
For that great flood had all destroyd & drownd

Then did *Dencalion* first the art invent
Of *Angling*, and his people taught the same ;
And to the woods & groves with them he went,
Fit tooles to finde for this most needfull game ;
There from the trees the longest rindes they rent,
Wherwith strōg lines they roughly twist & frame
And of each crook of hardest bush & brake
They made them hooks the hungry fish to take.

And to intice them to the eager bit,
Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he took ;
And snailes and worms, such as he found most fit,
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hooke ;
And thus with practise and inventive wit,
He found the meanes in every lake and brooke,
Such store of fish to take with little paine,
As did long time this people new sustaine.

The third Booke

In this rude sort began this simple Art,
And so remain'd in that first age of old,
When **Saturne** did *Amaltheas* horne impart
Vnto the world, that then was all of gold ;
The fish as yet had felt but little smart,
And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold,
And plenty still supply'd the place againe
Of wofull want, whereof we now complaine.

But when in time the feare and dread of man
Fell more and more on every living thing,
And all the creatures of the world began
To stand in awe of this usurping King,
Whose tyranny so farre extended than,
That Earth and Seas it did in thralldome bring ;
It was a worke of greater paine and skill,
The wary fish in Lake or Brooke to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did passe,
Yet still this Art more perfect daily grew,
For then the slender rod invented was,
Of finer sort then former ages knew,
And hookes were made of silver and of brasse,
And Lines of hemp and flax were framed new,
And sundry baits experience found out more,
Then elder times did know or try before.

of the secrets of Angling.

But at the last the Iron-age grew neere,
Of all the rest the hardest and more scant,
Then Lines were made of Silke and subtle haire
And Rods of lightest Canes and Hazell plant,
And Hookes of hardest Steele invented were,
That neither skill nor workman-ship did want,
And so this art did in the end attaine,
Unto that state where now it doth remaine.

But here my weary *Muse* a while must rest,
That is not used to so long a way;
And breath, or pause a little at the least
At this Lands end, untill another day,
And then againe, if so she thinke it best,
Our taken-taske afresh we will assay,
And forward goe as first we did intend,
Till that we come unto our journeys end.

The end of the first Book.

The



The second Booke.

(f)

Before, I taught what kind of tooles were
For him to have that would an *Angler* be:
And how he should with practise and with wit
Provide himselfe thereof in best degree:
Now doth remaine to shew how to the bit
The Fisches may be brought, that earst were fise,
And with whar pleasing bates intis'd they are
To swallow downe the hidden Hooke unward
Bates.

IT were not meet to send a Hunts-man out
Into the Woods, with Net, with Gin, or Hay,
To trace the brakes, and bushes all about,
The *Stag*, the *Foxe*, or *Badger* to betray;
If having found his game he stand in doubt
Wh ch way to pitch, or where his snares to lay,
And with what traine he may entise withall
The fearefull beast into his trap to fall.

S

of the secrets of Angling.

So, though the *Angler* have good store of tooles,
And them with skill in finest sort can frame;
Yet when he comes to Rivers, Lakes, and Pooles,
If that he know not how to use the same,
And with what baite to make the fishes fooles,
He may goe home as wise as out he came,
And of his comming boast himselfe as well
As he that from his fathers Chariot fell.

Not that I take upon me to impart
More then by others hath before been told;
Or that the hidden secrets of this art
I would unto the vulgar sort unfold,
Who peradventure for my paines deserue
Would count me worthy *Balaams* horse to hold:
But onely to the willing learner show
So much thercof as may suffice to know.

But here, O *Neptune*, that with triple Mace
Doest rule the raging of the *Ocean* wide,
I meddle not with thy deformed race
Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide:
With that great *Whale* that by three whole daies
The man of God did in his belly hide, (space.
And cast him out upon the *Euxin* shore,
As safe and sound as he had beeene before.

C

Nor

The third Booke

Nor with that Orke that on Cephaean strand
Would have devour'd Andromeda the faire,
Whom Perses flew with strong and valiant hand
Delivering her from danger and despaire,
The Hurlpoole huge that higher then the land,
Whole stremes of water spouteth in the ayre,
The Porpois large that playing swims on hie,
Pretending stormes or other tempests nie.

Nor that admirer of sweet Musicks sound,
That on his back Arion bore a may,
And brought to shore out of the Seas profound,
The Hippotame that like an horse doth neigh,
The Mors, that from the rocks inrolled round,
Within his teeth himselfe doth safe convey:
The Tortoise covered with his target hard,
The Tuberone atteneded with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout
A ragged sword, his foes to spoile and kill;
Nor that fierce Thrasher, that doth fling about
His nimble flayle, and handles him at will,
The ravenous Shark that with the sweepings out
And filth of Ships doth oft his belly fill,
The Albacore that followeth night and day
The flying Fish, and takes them for his prey.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The Crocodile that weeps when he doth wrong,
The Hollibut that hurts the appetite,
The Turbut broad, the Sceale, the Sturgeon strong
The Cod and Cozze, that greedy are to bite,
The Haake, the Haddocke, and the Conger long,
The yellow Ling, the Milvell faire and white,
The spreading Ray, the Thornback thin and flat,
The boasterous Base, the hoggish Tunny fat.

These kindes of fish that are so large of size,
And many more that here I leave untold,
Shall goe for me, and all the rest likewise,
That are the flocke of *Proteus* watry fold:
For well I thinke my Hooks would not suffice,
Nor slender Lines the least of these to hold.
I leave them therefore to the surging Seas,
In that huge depth, to wander at their ease.

And speake of such as in the fresh are found,
The little Roach, the Menise biting fast,
The flymie Tench, the slender Smelt and round,
The Vmber sweet, the Graveling good of taste,
The wholesome Ruffe, the Barbell not so sound,
The Pearch and Pike that all the rest doe waste,
The Breame, the Carpe, the Chub and Chavandar
And many more that in fresh waters are.

The second Booke

Sit then *Thalia* on some pleasant banke,
Among so many as faire *Avon* hath,
And marke the *Anglers* how they march in rank,
Some out of *Bristol*, some from healthfull *Bath*;
How all therivers sides along they flanke,
And through the meadowes make their wonted
See how their wit & cunning they apply, (path:
To catch the fish that in the waters lye.

For the Goodgion. (17)

Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,
That to a Willow bough the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand,
Whereas the gentle streme doth softly slide,
And then with slender Line and Rod in hand,
The eager bit not long he doth abide.

Well leaded is his Line, his Hook but small,
A good big Cork to beare the streme withall.

(17) *The Goodgion hath his teeth in his throat, (as also the Chub) & lives by much sucking, he is a dainty Fish, like, or neere as good as the Sparlin.*

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lye;
Whereat the greedy *Goodgion* bites so sound,
That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:

Sea

of the secrets of Angling.

See how he strikes, and puls them up as round,
As if new store the play did still supply:

And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,
That in this art delights to take some paine;
For as high flying Haukes that often misse
The swifter fowles, are eased with a traine,
So to a young beginner yeeldeth this
Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

For the Roche.

Then see on yonder side where one doth sit
With line well twisted, & his hook but small;
His corke not big, his plummets round and fit,
His bait of finest paste, a little ball (18)
Wherewith he doth intice unto the bit
The carelesse *Roche*, that soone is caught withall:
Within a foot the same doth reach the ground,
And with least touch the float straight sinketh
 (downc.)

(18) *The Roche is one of the meanest.*

And as a skilfull Fowler that doth use
The flying birds of any kinde to take,

The third Booke

The fittest and the best Gothalwayes chuse,
Of many sorts a pleasing stale to make,
Which if he doth perceive they doe refuse,
And of mislike abandon and forsake,

To win their love againe, and get their grace
Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the *Roche*, more baites he hath beside,
As of a sheepe the thicke congealed blood,
Which on a board he vseth to devide
In portiods small, to make them fit and good,
That better on his hooke they may abide :
And of the waspe the white and tender brood,
And wormes that breed on every hearbe & tree.
And sundry flies that quicke and lively bee.

For the *Dace*.

Then looke whereas that Poplar gray doth
hard by the same where one doth closly stand
And with the wind his hook & baite doth throw
Amid the streme with slender hazell wand,
Whereas hee sees the *Dace* themselves doe shew,
His eye is quicke, and ready is his hand ;
And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,
He presently doth stricke, and takes her staihgt.

O worlds deceit ! how are wee thrall'd by thee,
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide ?

When

of the secrets of Angling.

When most we thinke in haþ p̄iest state to be,
Then doe we soonest into danger slide,
Behold the fish that even now was free,
V̄nto the deadly hooke how he is tide:
So vaine delighte allure us to the snare,
Wherin unwares we fast intangled are.

For the Carp.

But now again see where another stands, (bend
And straines his rod that double seems to
Loe how he leads and guides him with his hands,
Lest that his Line should breake or angle rend,
Then with a net see how at last he lands,
A mighty *Carpe*, and has him in the end,
So large he is of body, scale and bone,
The rod and all have like to had beeene gone.

Marke what a line he hath, well made and strong,
Of *Bucephall*, or *Bayards* strongest haire,
Twisted with greene or watched silke among,
Like hardest twine, that holds th'intangled deare,
Not any force of fish will doe it wrong,
In *Tyne*, or *Trent*, or *Thame* he needs not feare:
The knots of every linke are knit so sure,
That many a plucke and pull they may indure.

The second Booke.

His cerke is large, made handson, smooth, & fine,
The leads according fit and c'ose thereto,
A good round hook set on with silken twine,
That will not slip nor easily undoe:
His bait great worms that long in mosse have bin,
When by his side he beareth in a shooe:
Or paste wherwith he feeds him oft before,
That at the bottome lies a foot or more.

For the Chub and Trout.

See where another hides himselfe as flye,
As did Alceon, or the fearfull Deere;
Behinde a Withy, and with a watchfull eye,
Attends the bit within the water cleare,
And on the top thereof doth move his flye,
With skillfull hand, as if he living were. (19)
Loe how the Chub, the Roch, the Dace, & Trout,
To catch thereat doe gaze and swimme about.

(19) Diversly, for the Trout is a ravening Fish,
and at that time of the day comes from his hole if he
comes at all.

His Rod or Cane made darke for being seen,
The lesse to feare the wary fish withall,
His Line well twisted is, and wrought so cleane
That being strong yet doth it shew but small.

His

of the Secrets of Angling.

His Hooke nor great, nor little, but between (20)
That light upon the watry brimme may fall,
The Line in length scant halfe the Rod exceeds,
And neither Corke, nor Leade thereon it needs.

(20) The Trout makes the Angler most gentlemanlie & readiest sport of all other fishes, if you angle with a made flie, & a Line twice your rods length or more (in a plaine water without wood) of three hairs, in a darke windy day from mid afternoon, & have learned the cast of the flie; your flie must counterfeit the may-flie, which is bred of the Cod-baite, and is called the Water-flie, you must change his colour every moneth, beginning with a darke white, & so grow to a yellow, the forme cannot so well be put on a paper, as it may be taught by sight: yet it will be like this forme.



The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a feather of a mallart, scel, or peckled hen-wing. The body of cruell according to the month for colour, & run about with a black haire: all fastned at the taile, with the thred that fastned the hok you must fish in; or hard by the stream, and have a quick hand & a ready eye, & a nimble rod, strike with him, or you loose him. If the wond be rough, and trouble the crust of the water, hee will take it in the plaine deeps, and then, & there commonly

The third Booke

cemonly the greatest will arise. When you have hookt him, give him leave, keeping your Line streight, and hold him from rootes, and he will tyre himselfe. This is the chiefe pleasure of Angling. This Flye and two linkes among wood, or close by a bush, moved in the vrust of the water, is deadly in an evening, if you come close. This is called busking for Trouts.

Cad baite is a worme bred under stones in a shallow River, or in some out-runner of the River, where the stremme runs not strongly, in a black shale. They stick by heapes on the low side of a great stone, lying hollow. They be ripe in the beginning of May, they are past with lily, they be yellow when they be ripe, and haue a black head. This is a deadly bait for a Trout, either aloft, or at the ground, if your tools be fine & you come close, for the Trout of all other fish, is most afrighted with sight. And indeed it would be considered, that fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight of what colour soever, except the Pike, which wil lye open in your sight, on a Sun shone day till you halter him.

The Trout will take also the worme, Menise, or any bayt: so will the Pike, save that he wil not take the Fly

Far the Trout and Eele.

Now see some standing where the stream doth with headlong course behind the sturdyweare
That

of the secrets of Angling.

That overth w^t the river like a wall (21)
The water stops, and strongly up doth beare,
And at the tailes of Mills and arches small,
Whereas the shoot is swift, and not too cleare,
The lines in length not twice above an ell,
But with good storie of lead, and twisted well.

(21) The Eele.

Here be divers ways to catch the wrinkling Eele,
your line must be stronger six or seven hairs, and
your hook according, for she must upon the hooking
presently be drawne forth with force, otherwise she fa-
stens her selfe with her tayle about a root or stone or
such like, and so you lose your labour, your hook and
the fish. The worme or menise, is her common bait.

There is a way to catch Eeles by brogling thus: take
a rod small & tough, of Sallow, Hasell or such like, a
yard long as big as a bean stalk, in the smal end there
of make a nick or clift with a knife, in which nick put
your strong (but a little) hook baited with a red worm
& made sure to a line often or twelve good hairs, and
but easily, that the Eele may pul it out and goe into
some shallow place of the river among the great stones
and braggle up and down till you find holes under the
stones, and there put in your hook so baited with your
rods end, and the Eele under the stone wil not fail to
take your hook: gine her time to put it over, and then
if

The second Booke

if your strength will serve, shee is your owne.

There is a third usuall way to catch Eeles, called Bobbing. Vpon a long and double strong thred, two yards long, or thereabouts, spit so many great red wormes (gotten in a summers evening with a candle) as the thred will hold lengthway thorow the midst & link them about your hand like a rope, thus, and fasten these to a long goads end with a —————— 

cord as long as your rod, and a great plummet of lead an handfull above the Bob : and in a troubled or flooded river, in a deep runne, or by a streeame side, let it fall within a hand breadth of the ground, and then shall you sensibly feel a multitude of Eeles, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carrion, tug and pull ; now at your good time, when you think that every Eele hath got a link and swallowed it up (like so many ducks the intakes of a pullet) draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling, till you have them neare the crust, and then amaine hoist them to land : this is the readiest way where Eeles are plentifull to catch many.

For the Trout, you shall find in the root of a great docke, a white worme with a redhead, with this fish for a Trout at the ground.

Round handsome hooks that will not breake nor
The big red worm wel scoured is their bait (bend
Which

of the secrets of Angling.

Which down unto the bottome doth descend,
Whereas the *Trount* and *Eele* doth lye in wait,
And to their feeding busily intend, (straight.
Which when they see they snatch and swallow
Vpon their lines is neither cork nor quill, (still.
But when they feele them pluck then strike they

For the *Sewant* and *Flounder*.

B Ehold some others ranged all along,
To take the *Sewant*, yea the *Flounder* sweet,
That to the banke in deepest places throng,
To shun the swifter streame that runs so fleet,
And lie and feed the brakish waves among,
Whereas the waters fresh and salt doe meet :
And there the *Eele* & *Shad* sometimes is caught,
That with the tide into the brooks are brought .

But by the way it shall not be amisse
To understand that in the waters gray,
Of floating fish two sundry kindes there is,
The one that lives by raven and by prey,
And of the weaker sort now that, now this,
He bites, and spoiles, and kills, and beare away,
And in his greedy gullet doth devoure,
As *Scyllas* gulfe, a ship within his power.

And these have wider mouthes to catch and take
Their flying prey, whom swiftly they pursue,

And

The second Booke

And rowes of teeth like to a saw or rake,
Wherewith their gotten game they bite & chew,
And greater speede within the waters make,
To set vpon the other simple crew,
And as the Gray-hound steales vpon the hare,
So doe they use to rush on them unware.

Vnequall Fate, that some are borne to bee
Fearefull and milde, and for the rest a prey,
And others are ordain'd to live more free
Without controule or danger any way :
So doth the Foxe the Lambe destroy wee see,
The Lion fierce, the *Bever, Roe, or Gray,*
The *Hauk*, the fowle the greater wrong the lesse
The lofty proud, the lowly poore oppresse.
For the Pike or Tench.

Now for to take this kinde offish withall, (*)
It shall be needfull to have still in store
Some living baits, as *Bleiks*, and *Roches* small,
Goodgion, or *Loch*, not taken long before,
Or yellow *Frogs* that in the waters craule,
But all alive they must be evermore.

For as for baits that dead and dull doe lie,
They least esteeme, and set but little by.

(*) A young whelpe, *Kitlin*, or such like, is good
bait for a Luce.

But

of the secrets of Angling.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,
The knots well knit, and of the soundest haire,
Twisted with some well coloured silke among,
And that you have no need your Rod to feare:
For these great fish will strive and struggle long,
Rod, line and all into the streme to beare.

And that your hook be not too small & weake,
Least that it chance to stretch, or hap to break.

And as in Arden or the mountaines hoare,
Of Appennino or craggy Alps among,
The mastifes fierce that hunt the bristled Boare,
Are harnised with Curats light and strong;
So for these Fish, your line a foote or more,
Must armed be with thinnest plate along,
Or slender wyre well fastned thereunto,
That will not slip nor easily undoe.

The other kinde that are unlike to these
Doe live by corne or any other seed:
Sometimes by crums of bread, of paste, or cheeze,
Or grasshoppers that in greene meadows breed,
With brood of waspes, of hornets, doares, or bees,
Lip berries from the bryar bush or weed,
Bloud wormes, and snailles, or crawling Lentiles
And buzzing flies that on the water fall. (small,

All

The first Booke

All these are good, and many others more,
To make fit baites, to take such kinde of Fish,
So that some faire deep place you feede before,
A day or two, with pale, with hole or dish;
And of these meats doe use to throw in store,
Then shal you have them bite as you would wish
And ready sport to take your pleasure still,
Of any sort that you like best to kill.

Thus serving them as often as you may,
But once a weeke at least it must be done,
If that to bite they make to long delay,
As by your sport may be perceived soone:
Then some great Fish doth feare the rest away,
Whose fellowship and company they shun,
Who neither in the baite doth take delight,
Nor yet will suffer them that would to bite.

For this you must a remedie provide,
Some Roche or Bleik, as I have shew'd before,
Betwneath whose upper fin you close shall hide
Of all your hooke the better halfe and more,
And though the point appeare and may be spide,
It makes no matter any whit therefore:
But let him fall into the watry briar,
And downe unto the bottome softly swim.

And

Of the secrets of Angling.

And when you see your Corke begin to move,
And round about to sore and fetch a ring,
Sometime to sinke, and sometime swim above,
As doth the Duck within the watry spring,
Yet make no hast your present hap to prove,
Till with your float at last away he fling.

Then may you safely strike and hold him short,
And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But every Fish loves not each baite alike;
Although sometimes they feed upon the same;
But some doe one, and some another seeke,
As best unto their appetite doe frame,
The *Roch*, the *Bream*, the *Carp*, the *Chub*, & *Blaike*,
With past or Corne their greedy hunger tame,
The *Dace*, the *Ruffe*, the *Gnogion* and the rest.
The smallest sort of crawling wormes love best.

The *Cavender* and *Chub* doe more delight
To feed on tender Cheese, or Cherries red,
Black snails, their bellies slit to shew their white
Or Grashoppers that skip in every Meade,
The *Pearch*, the *Tench*, and *Eele* doe rather bite
At great red wormes, in Field or Garden bred,
That have been scowr'd in mosse or fenell rough
To rid their filth, and make them hard & tough

D

And

THE THIRDE BOOKE

And with this baite hath often taken bin
The Salmon faire of River fresh the best; b*n*A
The Shad that in the Spring-time commeth in,
The Swane swift, that is nor set by least, i*ob*2A
The Bocber sweet, the pleasant Flounder thin, i*ob*2Y
The Peele, the Twear, the Barling, and the rest, i*T*
With many more that in the deepe doth lye
Of Avon, V^{ske}, of Severne, and of Wyc. b*n*A

Alike they bite, alike they pull downe low
The sinking Corke that strives to rise againe,
And when they feele the sudden deadly blow,
Alike they shun the danger and the paine;
And as an arrow from the Scythian bow,
All flye alike into the stremme amaine,
Vntill the Angler by his wary skill,
There tyres them out, & brings them up at will.

Yet furthermore it doth behove to know,
That for the most part Fish doe seeke their foode
Vpon the ground, or deepest bottome low,
Or at the top of water stremme, or flood;
And so you must your hooke and baite bestow,
For in the midst you shall do little good,
For heavie things downe to the bottome fall,
And light doe swim, and scoldome sinke at all.

All

of the secrets of Angling.

All Summer long aloft the fishes swimmes, w^m &
Delighted with faire Phabus shining ray,
And lie in waite within the waters dumme,
For flies and gnats that on the top doe play,
Then halfe a yard beneath the vpper brimme,
It shall be best your bayted hooke to lay,

With gnat or flic of any sort or kinde,
That every month on leaves or trees you finde.

But when your Line must have no lead at all,
And but a slender Corke, or little Quill,
To stay the bayte that downe it doe not fall,
But hung a linke within the water still,
Or else upon the top dierc of you shall
With quicker hand, and with more ready skill

Let fall your flic; and now and then removē,
Which soone the Fish will find, & better love.

And in the streame likewise they use to be
At tailes of flood-yates, or at Arches wide,
Or shallow flats, whereas the waters free
With fresher springs, and swifter course do slide:
And then of Waspe the brood that cannot flic,
Upon a Tyle-stone first a little dryed,

Or yeallow bobs turn'd up before the Plough,
Are chiefest baytes, with Cork & Lead enough.

The second Booke

But when the golden Chariot of the Sunne,
Departing from our Northern countries farre
Beyond the ballance, now his course hath runne,
And goes to warme the cold *America*, starre,
And Summers heat is almost spent and done.

With new approach of Winters dreadfull warre:

Then doe the Fish withdraw into the deepe,
And low from sight, and cold more close doe
(keepe.)

Then on your lines you may have store of Lead,
And bigger Corkes of any size you will,
And where the fish are used to be fed,
There shall you lay upon the bottome still,
And whether that your bayte be Corries or bread,
Or Wormes, or Paste, it doth not greatly skoil,
For these alone are to be used theri,
Vntill the spring, or summer come againe.

Thus have I shew'd how fish of divers kinde
Beit taken are, and how their baytes to know;
But *Phelbus* now beyond the yesterne *Luds*,
Beginneth to descend, and draweth low,
And well the weather serves, and gentle winde
Down with the tide, and pleasant streatne to to

Vnto some place whete wee may rest us in,
Vntill wee shall another time begin.

The end of the second Booke.

The third Booke.

Now falls it out in order to declare,
What time is best to *Angle* in aright ;
And when the chiefe and fittest Seasons are
Wherein the fish are most dispos'd to bite,
What wind doth make, & which againe doth mar
The *Anglers* sport, wherein he takes delight,
And how he may with pleasure best aspire,
Vnto the wished end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite,
But doe forbear, and from their food refraine,
And dayes there are wherein they most delight
To labour for the same, and bite amaine :
So, he that can these seasons finde aright,
Shall not repent his travell spent in vaine,
To walke a mile or two amidst the fields,
Reaping the fruite this harmles pleasure yeelds.

The third Booke.

And as a ship in safe and quiet roade
Vnder some hill or harbour doth abide,
With all her fraught, her tackling and her loade,
Attending still the winde and wished tide,
Which when it serves, no longer makes aboade,
But forth into the watery deepe doth slide,
And through the waves divides her fairest way
Vnto the place where she intends to stay.

So must the *Angler* be provided still,
Of divers tooles, and sundry baites in store;
And all things else pertaining to his skill,
Which he shall get and lay up long before,
That when the weather frameth to his will.
Hee may be well appointed evermore,
To take fit time when it is offered ever,
For time in one estate abideth never.

The qualities of an Angler.

BYt ere I further goe, it shall behove
To shew what gifts and qualities of minde
Belongs to him that doth this pastime love;
And what the vertues are of every kinde,
Without the which it were in vaine to proove,
Or to expect the pleasure he should finde,
No more then hee that having store of meate,
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

For

of the secrets of Angling.

For what availes to Brooke or Lake to goe,
With handsome Rods and Hookes of every sort,
Well twisted Lines, and many trinckets moe,
To finde the Fish within their watry fort,
If that the minde be not contented so,
But wants those gifts that should therest support
And make his pleasure to his thoughts agree,
With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is Faith, not wavering and unstable,
But such as had that holy * Patriark old, * Abraham,
That to the highest was so acceptable
As his increase and off-spring manifold
Exceeded far the stars innumerable,
So must he still a firme persuasion hold,
That where as waters, brook & lakes are found,
There store of Fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no empty thing,
But all her works doth well and wisely frame,
Hath fild each Brook, each River, Lake & spring
With creatures, apt to live amidst the same;
Even as the earth, the ayre, and Seas doe bring
Forth Beasts, and Birds of sundry sort and name,
And give them shape, ability and sence,
To live and dwell therein without offence.

The third Booke

The second guift and qualitie is Hope,
The Anchor hold of every hard desire;
That having of the day so large a scope,
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,
And ere the Sun hath left the heavenly cope
Obtaine the sport and game he doth desire,
And that the fish though sometime slow to bite
Will recompence daily with more delight.

The third is love, and liking to the game,
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;
For greedy pleasure not to spoile the same,
Nor of his fish some portion to deny
To any that are sickly, weake, or lame,
For rather with his Line and Angle try
In Pond or Brooke to doe what in him lies,
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth Patience, that the furious flame
Of Choller cooles, and Passions put to flight,
As doth a skilfull rider breake and tame
The Courier will, and teach him tread aright:
So patience doth the minde dispose and frame,
To take mishaps in worth, and count them light,
As losse of Fish, Line, Hooke, or Lead, or all,
Or other chance that often may befall.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The fift good guift is low humilitie,
A whena Lyon coucheth for his pray
So must he stoope or kneele upon his knee,
To save his line or put the weeds away,
Or lie along sometyme if need there be,
For any let or chance that happen may,
And not to scorne to take a little paine,
To serve his eurne his pleasure to obtaine.

The sixt is painefull strength and courage good,
The greatest to encounter in the Brookes
If that he happen in his angrie mood,
To snatch your baite, and beare away your hooke,
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,
Vntill more quiet tame, and milde he looke,
And all adventures constantly to heare.
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next unto this is liberalitie,
Feeding them oft with full and plentious hand.
Of all the rest a needfull qualitie,
To draw them nere the place where you wil stand
Like to the antient hospitality,
That sometimes dwelt in Albions fertile land,
But now is sent away into exile,
Beyond the bounds of Isabellas Ile.

The

The third Booke

The eight is knowledge how to finde the way
To make them bite when they are dull and slow,
And what doth let the same and breedes delay,
And every like impediment to know,
That keepes them from their food & wonted pray
Within the stremme, or standing waters low,
And with experience skifullly to prove,
All other faults to mend or to remoue.

The ninth is placability of minde,
Contented with a reasonable dish,
Yea though sometyme no sport at all he finde,
Or that the weather prove not to his wish,
The tenth is thankes to that God, of each kinde,
To net and bait doth send both Foule and Fish,
And still reserves enough in secret store,
To please the rich, and to relceve the poore.

The eleventh good guift and hardest to indure,
Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,
Vnto the which he must himselfe inure,
By exercise and use of dyet spare,
And with the liquor of the waters pure
Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbear,
And never on his greedy belly think
From rising Sun, untill alow he sinck.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The twelfth and last of all is memory,
Remembering well before he setteth out,
Each needfull thing that he must occupie,
And not to stand of any want in doubt,
Or leave something behinde forgetfully :
When he hath walk't the fields & brookes about,
It were a griesse backe to returne againe,
For things forgot , that should his sport main-
taine.

Here then you see what kinde of qualities,
An Angler should indued be withall,
Besides his skill and other properties,
To serve his turne, as to his lot doth fall :
But now what season for this exercise,
The fitteſt is, and which doth ſerve but ſmall,
My Muſe, vouchſafe ſome little ayde to lend,
To bring this alſo to the wiſhed end.

Season and time not to Angle.

Firſt, if the weather be too dry & hot, (plaine
And ſcalds with ſcorching heat the lowly
As if that youthfull Phaeton had got
The guiding of his Fathers Carre againe,
Or that it ſeem'd Apollo had forgot
His light-foote ſteedes to rule with ſtedfast reine,
It is not good with any line or Hooke,
To angle then in River, Pond, or Brooke.

Or

The third Booke

Or when cold Boreas with his frosty beard,
Leokes out from vnderneath the lesser Beare,
And makes the weary travailer afear'd,
To see the valeys covered every where
With Ice and Snow, that late so greene appear'd,
The waters stand as if of Steele they were:

And hoary frosts doe hang on every bough,
Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

So neither if Don *Aeolus* lets goe, (23)
His blustering windes out of the hollow deepe,
Where he their strife and strugling too and fro,
With triple forke doth still in order keepe,
They rushing forth, doe rage with tempests so,
As if they would the world together sweepe,

And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,
The tree and house sometimes they overthrow.

(23) *The stronger the wind blowes* (*so you may abide it, and guide your tooles*) *and the colder the Sommer dayes is, the better will they bite, and the closer shall you come to them.*

Besides, when shepheard & the swaines prepare,
Vnto the Brookes with all their flockes of sheep,
To wash their fleeces & to make them faire, (24)
In every poole and running water deepe.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The favour of the wooll doth so impaire,
The pleasant streames, & plumping that they keep
As if that Lethe-flood ran every where,
Or bitter Doris intermingled were.

(24) I rather thinke the kades and other fishches
alls from shippes doe so glut the fish, that they will not
take any artificiall bayte. The same is the reason of
the flood, washing down worms, flies, Frog-clocks, &c.

Or when land floods through long & sudden rain
Descending from the hills and higher ground,
The sand and mud the christall streames do strain
And make them rise above their wonted bound,
To overflow the fields and neighbour plaine,
The fruitful soyle and Meadows faire are drownd
The husbandman doth leese his grasse and hay,
The bankes their trees, and bridges born away.

So when the leaves begin to fall apace,
And bough and branch are naked to be seene,
While nature doth her former worke deface,
Unclothing bush, and tree, of Summers greene,
Whose scattered spoyles lie thicke in every place,
As sands on shore, or starres the poles betweene,
And top and bottome of the rivers fill,
To Angle then I also thinke it ill.

The third Booke

All winds are hurtfull, if too hard they blow, (25)
The worst of all is that out of the East,
Whose nature makes the Fish to biting stow,
And lets the pastime most of all the rest, iſ ſnow,
The next that comes from countries clad with
And Articque pole, is not offensive leaſt.

The Southerne winde is counted best of all,
Then, that which riſeth where the ſunne doth fall.

(25) I finde no diſſerence of windes except too colde
or too hot, which is not the winde, but the ſeason.

Best time and ſeason to Angle, is þis booke

B Vt if the weather ſtedfast be and cleare, (26)
Or overcast with clouds, ſo it be dry, and
And that no ſigne nor token there appeare,
Of threatening ſtorme through all the empty ſkie,
But that the ayre is calme, and void of feare,
Of ruffling windes, or raging tempeſts hie,

Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow,

Then is it good unto the brooke to goe.

(26) Cleare cannot be good, by reaſon of the offen-
ſive ſight.

And when the floods are fall'n, and paſt away,
And carried have the dreggs into the deepe,

And

of the secrets of Angling.

And that the waters waxe more thin and gray,
And leave their bankes above them high & steep,
The milder stremme of colour like to whay,
Within his bounds his wonted course doth keep,
And that the winde is South or else by-west,
To angle then is time and season best.

When faire Aurora rising early shewes (27)
Her blushing face beyond the Easterne hills,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,
That far abroad the world with brightnesse fills,
The Medows greene are hoare with silver dewes,
That on the earth the sable night distills,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The neere approaching of the chearfull day.

(27) The morning can noway be good because the Fish have beeene at reliefe all the night ; as all other wilde creatures. And on the day they rest or sport , in the evening is the fittest , then hunger begins to bite.

Then let him goe to River, Brook, or Lake,
That loves the sport , where store of fish abound ,
And through the pleasant fields his journy make ,
Amidst sweet Pastures, Medows fresh and sound ,
Where he may best his choice of pastime take ,
While swift Hyperion runnes his circle round ;
And as the place shall to his liking prove ,
There still remaine , or further else remove .

To

The third BOOKE

To know each fishes haunte.

Now that the *Angler* may the better know
Where he may finde each fish he doth re-
Since some delight in waters stil and slow, (quire,
And some doe love the Mud and slimy mire;
Some others where the streame doth swifter flow,
Some stony ground, and gravel some desire,
Here shall he learne how every sort doth seeke,
To haunt the Layre that doth his nature like.

Carpe, *Eele*, and *Tench*, doe love a muddie ground,
*Eele*s under stones or hollow rootes doe lye;
The *Tench* among thicke weeds is soonest found,
The fearefull *Carpe* into the deepe doth flye,
Bream, *Chub* and *Pike*, where clay & sand abound
Pike loves great pooies, and places full of fry:
The *Chub* delights in streame or shady tree,
And tender *Bream* in broadest lake to be.

The *Salmon* swift the Rivers sweet doth like,
Where largest streames into the Sea are led:
The spotted *TROUT* the smaller Brooke doth seeke,
And in the deepest hole there hides his head;

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The prickled *Pearch* in every hollow creek, (28)
Hard by the banke, and sandy shore is fed,
Pearch, Trout, and *Salmon* love cleare waters all,
Green weedy roots, and stony gravell small.

(28) *The Trout lies in the deep, but feeds in the
stremme, under a bush; bray, foame, &c.*

So doth the *Bulhead, Gnodgion* and the *Loach*,
Who most in shallow Brookes delight to be,
The Ruffe, the Dace, the Barbell, and the *Roach*,
Gravell and sand doe love in lesse degree,
But to the deep and shade doe more approach,
And over head some covert love to see,
Offspreading *Poplar, Oake or willow greene*,
Where underneath they lurke for being seen.

The mighty *Luce* great waters haunts alway,
And in the stillest place thereof doth lye,
Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,
And swift among the fearefull fish doe flye,
The dainty Humber loves the marley clay,
And clearest streames of champion country hye,
And in the chiefest pooles thereof doth rest,
Where he is soonest found and taken best.

The second Booke

The Cavender amidst the waters faire,
In swiftest stremes doth most himselfe bestow,
The Shad and Twest do rather like the laire,
Of brackish waves, where it doth ebbe and flow,
And thither also doth the flock repaire,
And flat upon the bottom lieth low,

The Peel the Mullet and the Suant good
Doe like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,
Since divers Countreys, divers Rivers have;
And divers Rivers change of waters breed,
And change of waters sundry fish do crave,
And sundry Fish in divers places feed,
As best doth like them in the liquid wave,

So that by use and practise may be knowne,
More then by art or skill can well be showne.

So then it shalbe needlesse to declare,
What sundry kinds there lye in secret store,
And where they doe resort, and what they are,
That may be still discovered more and more:
Let him that list no paine nor travell spare
To seek them out as I have done before,
And then it shall not discontent his minde,
New choice of place, and chang of game to find.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The best houres of the day to Angle.

FRom first appearing of the rising Sun, vid. (27)

Till nine of clocke low vnder water best
The Fish will bite, and then from nine to noone,
From noone to soure they doe refraine and rest,
From foure againe till *Phœbus* swift hath runne,
His dayly course, and setteth in the West:

But at the sic alost they use to bite,
All sommer long from nine till it be night.

Now least the *Angler* leave his tooles behinde,
For lacke of heed, or haste of his desire,)
And so inforced with vnwilling minde,
Must leave his game, and backe againe retire,
Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde
To serue his turne when neede shall most require,
Here shall he have to helpe his memory,
A lesson short of every wants supply.

Light Rod to strike, long line to reach withall,
Strong hooke to holde the fish he hapst to hit.
Spare lines and hookes, what ever chance doe fall,
Baites quicke and dead to bring them to the bit,
Fine Lead & quils, with corks both great & small
Knife, File and thred, and little Basket fit,

The third Booke

Plummet to sound the depth of clay & sand,
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arived at the laft,
In wished harbour where we meane to reſt;
And make an end of this our journey paſt:
Here then in quiet road I think it beſt
We ſtrike our ſailes and ſtedfaſt anchor caſt,
For now the Sunne low ſetteth in the Weſt.
And yee Boat-Swaines, a merry Carroll ſing,
To him that ſafely did vs hither bring.

FINIS.

Would'st thou catch Fish?
Then heere's thy wⁱs^h ;
Take this receipt,
To anoynt thy Baite.

Thou that desir'st to fish with line and hook,
Be it in poole, in River, or in Brooke,
To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Loe here's a meanes, if thou canst hit it right,
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak (29)
In oyle, well drawne from that which kils the oak:
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill.
When twenty faile, thou shalt be sure to kill. (30)

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood :
Else not to be told
For Silver or Gold.

R.R.

E 3

(29)

The third Booke.

(29) I have heard much of an oyntment that will presently caus any fish to bite, but I could never attain the knowledg thereof, the nearest in mine opinion (except this Probatum) is the oyle of an Ospraye, which is called Aquila marina: the Sea Aegle. She is of body neare the bignesse of a goose, one of her feet is web'd to swim withall, the other hath tallents to catch fish. It seemes the fish come up to her, for she cannot dive.

Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of Cottulus Indie, Asla fætida, honny and wheat flower, but I never triide them, therefore I cannot prescribe.

(30) That which kills the Oake, I conjecture to be Ivie, till I change my minde.

This excellent receipt you may buy ready and truely made, at the signe of the Flyng-Horse, an Apothecaries in Carter-lane.

Certaine

Certaine observations for- gotten.

Chevan and Chub are one.

The { Shotrell, 1 yeare,
Pickerel, 2 year, } are one.
Pike, 3 yeare
Luce, 4 yeare

The Summer, May, June, and July are fittest for
Angling.

Fish are the fattest in July.

Fish commonly spawne at Michaeltide.

After spawning, they be kipper and out of season.
They thrust up little Brookes to spawne, the Trout
and Salmon will have lying on their backs.

All the Summer-time, great Fish goe downe-wards
to deepes.

Barre retting, and night-hooking, where you loue
Angling.

When you Angle at ground, your line must be no lon-
ger than your Rod.

Hee that is more greedy of Fish than sport, let him
haue three or four angles fitted and baited, and layd
in severall pools, you shall sometimes have them all
sped at once.

If you goo forth in, or immediatly after a shower, and
take the water in the first rising, & fish in the stream
at ground with a red worm, you may lead your selfe

The third Booke

if there be store. Thus may any botcher kill fish.
For want of a panier, spit your fish by the gills, on a
small wicker; or such like.

I use a pouch of parchment with many several places
to put my hooks and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to joyne in the midft when I
come to the river, with two pins & a little hempe wa-
xed thus the pins joyne it, the hemp fastens it firmly.

A Whale-bone made round no bigger then a
wheat-straw at the top, yeelds well, and strikes well.

Let your Rod be without knots; they are dangerous
for breaking, and boughts are troublesome.

Keep your rod, neither to dry nor to moist, least
they grow brittle, or rotten.

When you angle in drought, wet your rod, it will
not break so soone.

You shall hardly get a rod of on peice, but either
crookt, or top heavy, or unequall growne

Enterprise no mans ground without leave, break no
mans hedge to his losse.

Pray to God with your heart to
bless your lawfull exercise.

FINIS

